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JACOBUS.

A BRETON LEGEND. BY S. ROPARTZ.

CHAPTER XII.

CONTINUATION OF ANSELM'S PILGRIMAGE.

"WHERE is the skillful doctor who, by the grace of God, has thus restored you to health and the veneration of your humble followers. Where is he, that we may express to him our gratitude?"

This was the unanimous inquiry of all Anselm's companions, as the canon appeared in their midst with renewed strength, and with an air of youthful ardor.

"I doubt," replied the counterfeit Anselm, "if I ought to reveal to you a secret which might be attributed to pride or boasting, did I not know my own unworthiness, but he who has restored me, and whom you take to be a skillful physician, is no other than my guardian angel, who watches over the success of our mission. This morning he ascended to heaven with a ray of the dawn. We have but one way to testify to the Lord the sincerity of our gratitude, and that is to resume the staff of pilgrimage without further delay."

For many days the soul of Jacobus, in the body of Anselm, revelled with intense delight at finding itself the possessor of treasures which steadily increased at every halt.

After a few weeks, the body of Anselm, no longer young, essayed to make the soul of Jacobus comprehend that to bear the burden of heat and weariness on dusty and rocky roads and during tedious stages, was but to a certain extent compensated by the pleasure which flowed from the sight and the touch of gold and precious stones. The soul imposed silence on its host. Avarice cried to the soul, march on! march on! The soul cried out to the body, march! march! And the body thus curbed and vigorously spurred by the soul, obeyed.

At the end of a month, the body being quite spent, the soul itself grew doubtful and melancholy. At night our hero was afflicted with nightmares, during which rapacious hands seemed to snatch his wealth and bear it away into gloomy shadows. In the day every bush upon the route transformed itself to an ambuscade; one man, two men, an entire army suddenly rose before him; his hair stood erect on his head, and cold sweats broke out on him, until he recognized that the brigands were but peaceful shepherds, who, at the approach of the priest, respectfully raised their hands to their brows in salutation.

As his wealth increased, it seemed proportionately to multiply his physical sufferings and strange hallucinations; but it did not occur to him to cast off the exhausted and peevish frame of Anselm, so great was the value avarice gave to it as the recipient of a few pieces of glass and mineral!

When the troop which thus begged alms for the ruined

churches of Laon had overrun France and Germany, it embarked for Italy. Jacobus-Anselm was conscious of committing a great imprudence in doing so. It was difficult to visit Italy without presenting himself at Rome, and Rome was for him a possible if not a probable death. "But," said he to himself, "how leave unexplored a country so rich and so generous as Italy! I will trust to my star! If I should find myself under the walls of the eternal city, I will contrive means to escape the dilemma. The principal thing is not to lose through fear the opportunity of hoarding large sums of silver and gold."

The troop embarked for Italy.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF A SHIPWRECK AND WHAT FOLLOWED.

WHILE the sun remained above the horizon fair weather and a tranquil sea favored the voyage of Anselm and his pious associates. The waves, smooth as a mirror, scarcely broke into foam under the light and measured dip of the oar; a gentle breeze freshened the atmosphere and bore to the voyagers the rich perfume from the fragrant orange groves upon the coast.

But at nightfall, the wind arose; black clouds accumulated from every point of the heavens, and they were driven into huge masses; the sea began to roar and to heave to its very depths. The tempest, of which this excitement of wind, wave and cloud was the harbinger, soon burst forth, and it was frightful to behold.

A thousand descriptions in prose and verse of terrible tempests exist—I beg you, reader, to select the one you prefer and insert it at this spot.

The vessel, in the midst of the darkness and the storm, swayed from its course, and the pilot, discouraged, declaring he could no longer maintain his position, abandoned himself to the will of Providence. Suddenly a furious blast struck the bark and lifted it into the air, whirling it over and over like a reed until it finally plunged into a yawning gulf which two monstrous waves prepared for it. One shriek, one single shriek, a shriek so piercing as to be heard in heaven above and hell beneath, sounded above the tempest's roar—then silence, the silence and stillness of the grave.

The first ray of the dawn discovered the panting Anselm stretched out on the bank of a river, still in commotion with the agitation of the previous night. By the side of the shipwrecked priest appeared a small, glittering temple of gold and some precious stones, which could only have swam there through miraculous agency, and his head rested upon an iron coffer, which, according to the laws of gravity, should have been forever lost in the profoundest depths of the sea.

The canon was the only soul of his company who had not perished in the tempest; and the sacred relics, and the caskets which contained the pious contributions, were

the only objects visible on the beach; and not one jewel was missing from the circlet of gold that enclasped it.

The first act of the false Anselm, when he had partially recovered his senses was, not to thank God for the double miracle by which his mercy had been made evident to him, but to contemplate his treasure, and to satisfy himself, with a foolish delight, that no portion of it was missing. He finally arose, and examined the country which lay spread out before him. He found that he was at the mouth of a great river; its two banks stretched away in the distance, flat, solitary, and monotonous; and a few cattle with long horns appeared at intervals, in the midst of the tall grass.

The sun was already far up in the sky, and not a sound revealing the presence of man was heard in this lonely desert. The castaway began to feel the cravings of hunger—he, the wealthiest of men! Anxious thoughts absorbed his mind; he found himself alone and abandoned—he who might have subsidized a countless army of slaves and soldiers!

Just at this moment a young shepherd appeared at a turn in the river, seated in a rustic cart drawn by two animals, with large, wild eyeballs. The canon proceeded toward the peasant uttering loud cries. "Whoever you may be," said he, "pity an unfortunate man, the victim of the tempest, and inform me upon what coast I have been thrown, and conduct me to the nearest city, if there chance to be a city in this desolate country."

The cowherd fixed his staring eyes upon Anselm with astonishment, almost with fright, and seemed not to understand him. He, however, stopped his cattle, still remaining on his cart. Anselm repeated his entreaty in every language that he was master of, but with no effect upon the boor; he gave no sign of comprehension, not even uttering a solitary word. Finally our hero had recourse to signs. He pointed to his still dripping garments, then to the river, and then to the heavens; he put his hand to his mouth and on his breast, in order to show that he was suffering with hunger; then he displayed some pieces of gold before the eyes of the peasant, and at last raised his hands in the form of supplication, letting it be seen that he implored assistance.

The youth attentively watched every phase of the pantomime, and, in his turn, carrying his hand to his mouth and ears, he gave Anselm to understand that he was both deaf and dumb; he finished by offering a piece of black bread and a morsel of cheese to the canon, and invited him by gestures to seat himself alongside him in the cart. These preliminaries settled, they were soon able to understand one another. Anselm, not without apprehension, loaded the vehicle with his treasure, so miraculously preserved; and the oxen resumed their plodding course along the solitary waste.

The day was about to close over them when they came in sight of a large city on the horizon, and caught

the sound of hundreds of pealing bells. A procession which filled the air with the music of hymns and canticles, filed out of one of its gates, taking the same road as that upon which the peasant and his companion were. Anselm turned, and interrogatively looked on his guide, who sat by him staring with the greatest amazement. The boy stopped his oxen under an antique triumphal arch, and awaited the approach of the procession.

The procession, in its turn, halted on the other side of the triumphal arch. The chants ceased, and a personage, clad in pontifical habiliments, advanced from the ranks alone, and, with marks of profound respect, drew near to Anselm, who imagined himself in a dream. When he came within hearing, he expressed himself in these terms: "Forewarned of your arrival by a miraculous message, our Holy Father the Pope has dispatched me to you, venerable Anselm, to congratulate you on having escaped from an almost certain death, and to introduce you with all the pomp which is due to sacred relics, and all the honors that belong to your virtues, into the eternal city. Rome will resound, and is already alive with the joyous ringing of bells and with chants of gladness. Rome!"

The cardinal, for a cardinal he was, would have continued his harangue, perhaps, for a much longer time, if he had not suddenly noticed that he was addressing a corpse.

In truth, Anselm sunk within himself as soon as the cardinal uttered the name of Rome, and when they approached to render him assistance, he was dead.

The relics were borne into Rome, and the city was filled with consternation at such strange events. They interred Anselm with the honors paid only to cardinals, and the people were impatient until the pope had pronounced the forms of canonization, so that they might invoke him as one of the saints.

I would not omit to state that, later, after the church had inscribed the name of Anselm on the catalogue of the blessed, the remains of the canon were sought for in vain, notwithstanding the seekers were sure of the place where they had been so solemnly deposited. Nothing whatever was found in the empty sepulchre. God evidently would not permit the defiled members of a body inhabited by such a soul as that of Jacobus, to be exposed to the veneration of his faithful children.

CHAPTER XIV.

JACOBUS, RESTORED TO HIMSELF, PHILOSOPHIZES.

WE have just related the fatal and extraordinary chain of events by which Jacobus was led, without knowing it, under the very walls of Rome, and how he thought it incumbent on him to abandon the body of Anselm and his cherished wealth, precisely at the hour when, having got rid of his companions, he believed himself to be in full and free possession of it. In the face of Rome, which for him was tantamount to death,

he had concluded to resume his own body and his own cares. Henceforth he had but one thought, to fly the city in which, abandoned by Satan, he would be left to fall defenceless into the hands of God.

After having journeyed all night, he seated himself disconsolately at the base of a hill, and letting his mind wander freely over the past, he gave way to a crowd of moral and philosophical reflections.

"If anybody who knows the history of my life should envy my lot, I must confess he would be a very great fool!

"And yet I make no complaint, even against Satan, who has faithfully fulfilled his promises!

"Thirteen years ago—fatal number—I abandoned God and virtue. I sought for evil knowledge—human sciences and the sciences of hell; I purchased it at the price of sleepless nights, and days without repose—I bought it at the price of my own soul! And I have it in my own keeping; and if I estimate its cost, what do I find it to be worth?

"I demanded wealth, and I had it. But without enjoyment! My own fault, perhaps.

"If an echoing spirit haunt this vicinity, I crave it to listen to what a rich man is, in order that he may repeat my confession to the first poor jealous laborer who chances to rest his weary frame on this barren rock.

"Yes! I who sit here and speak to these rocks less naked than myself, I have been rich—richer than the richest of these days—richer than the pope, richer than the sultan of the East!

"Behold how I acted, in order to obtain wealth! I murdered an innocent and defenceless old man—I coolly strangled him! I do not repent me of it—I would do it again!

"In order to become rich, I have bartered my youth for a decrepit old age, my vigorous faculties for painful infirmities, my liberty for a grave and sapless life of austerity.

"In order to increase my wealth, already incalculable, I have submitted my body to every description of fatigue, to heat, to cold, to hunger, to thirst, to robbery, to shipwreck; my nights have been agitated by fear, and my days tortured by anguish!

"I have compassed the earth, a pilgrim, rewarded neither with honors nor pleasures. I was rich, and yet no festive hall or fête were prepared in my behalf. I was rich, and yet I have never been assured of a morsel of bread or of a thatch to protect me.

"I have escaped all dangers; and when, at length, about to enjoy the product of my crimes, the fruit of my fatigues and of my sacrifices, death arose before me, from whose grasp I could only escape naked and impoverished, without a mite of my treasure, or so much as an atom of the dust of my diamonds!

"I mourn no losses, for I have preserved my life! With

life and science I shall yet rejoice in a more beautiful career than the one I have fled from!

"I do not forego the hope of happiness; and yet do not depend upon avarice to secure it—avarice, the falsest and stupidest of enjoyments!

"Henceforward I shall aspire only to power, with the loftiest rank; and a resolution to obtain it is the guaranty of its possession. I will know in my turn what pleasures the crown provides, and fame, and conquests. A king I'll be! I'll be a king!"

Meanwhile Jacobus busied himself in gathering a few wild berries to appease his hunger, after which hermit's repast he fell asleep, exhausted by fatigue.

On the following morning he opened the book of Solomon, and studied over the destinies of all the monarchs of the world; and he could not find one that suited him. Almost every king of those days was advanced in years, and subject to conspiracies, and the time was fast approaching when they were to be threatened with the loss of both life and crown. The pope alone was sure of a reign of several years; but our hero was not tempted by his sphere of sovereignty, inasmuch as, in the body of Anselm, he had become quite disgusted with the life of an ecclesiastic.

He resigned himself to the chances of the future; and as it was necessary to live, he became, after a series of adventures, the pedagogue and physician of a little village which reflected itself in the blue waters of the Gulf of Tarentum. This village certainly is not the last one possessing a pedagogue, who, while explaining *rosa rosæ* to snuffling scholars, has not dreamt of the means of obtaining power, and of governing the world somewhat more successfully than a class of children.

It is but just to add, however, that in the time of Jacobus, pedants had fewer opportunities than in these days for such successes; and it is this very condition of things which has led to the preservation of his history as a narrative of something isolated and extraordinary.

CHAPTER XV.

HOW JACOBUS ENTERED UPON THE ROAD TO HONOR AND GLORY.

ONE night when Jacobus, who was intensely weary with his situation, and whose heart and mind were quite barren of thoughts or desires of any kind, was contemplating the calm sea and the firmament sprinkled with stars, a boat grounded upon the shore near the foundation of his dwelling. Two oarsmen arose, and with great precaution, took up the body of a man extended on the bottom, and, preceded by a third personage, directed themselves to Jacobus' door, on which they gave one or two low knocks. Jacobus opened it, and he who appeared to be the chief of the party addressed him, imploring hospitality and professional service for a wounded man. They carefully brought the sufferer in,

and the two oarsmen, dismissed by a sign, departed ; and when the wounds had been washed, and the first bandage applied, the stranger expressed himself in the following terms :

"The sufferer, whom I confide to your care, master, is, to speak frankly, no other than the noble Bohemond, the illustrious son of the illustrious Guiscard, and sovereign of this country. He has been traitorously attacked at the siege of Amalfi, and, in order not to discourage and frighten his followers, he concealed his wound until the approach of night, so as to be quietly conducted to the house of a surgeon. The motion of the bark caused him to faint, and the boatmen, who pointed to your house, affirm that you are a man of skill : spare nothing, therefore, since you have charge of your king himself !"

"I do not find it necessary, seigneur, to display the resources of my art. I claim no merit beyond that which I really possess, and whatever might be the advantages of dissimulation, I would scorn to conceal the truth. The prince's wound is not of a grave character ; the balsam I have applied will soon show its healing effect. You perceive that the king sleeps. Seek some repose yourself, for you appear to be wasted by fatigue. I will take it upon myself to keep vigil over the Prince of Tarentum."

The officer, quite satisfied, did not stay to be urged a second time, but wrapping around him the folds of his mantle, he lay down, and soon fell asleep in a corner of the low hall in which his master had been received.

Jacobus repeatedly examined the pulse of Bohemond. Whatever might have been his assurance in pronouncing upon the slightness of the wound, he began to dread the result of the fever, which continued to increase very rapidly. He withdrew to an adjoining room to procure an elixir ; and when he returned, the patient, who had thrown himself backward with a violent effort, had ceased to exist.

Jacobus was, for an instant, staggered ; then recovering himself immediately, he said : "I certainly would not have committed a murder to put myself in the place of the Prince of Tarentum, and to take possession of his body ; but since he saw fit to die in my presence, I will profit by the occasion. I do not even care to know the destiny of this Bohemond : whatever it may be, I assume the risk. He is young, and already famous, and has the adventurous spirit of his father. All things considered, and without overlooking the fact that the path is a thorny one, I think the role of prince preferable to that of a schoolmaster."

Meditating thus to himself, Jacobus pronounced the mysterious words which had brought about his previous metamorphosis. The effect was equally decisive. Bohemond arose, animated with the spirit of Jacobus.

Bestowing a vigorous shake upon his attendant,

"Come," said he, "idler, arouse ! The dawn appears, and it is time to regain the camp."

"But, seigneur, are you able to dispense with further care of your wounds ?"

"Thou seest I am healed ! Nature or a miracle, I know not ! Who now may question the fortune of Bohemond ?"

"Seigneur, I fear the wound might again open, through the movement of your limbs. If you would consult the physician who has so ably attended you ?"

"The physician, who, doubtless, knew me not" —

"I gave him your name, seigneur."

"And thou didst wrong. This physician is an eccentric person, and under the pretence of searching for certain plants, only to be obtained before the tide reaches its height, left me, on the completion of my cure, and is now leaping from rock to rock on the strand. We have no time to follow him : he will make his appearance when he requires his fee. Let us depart and regain the camp with all the speed the rowers are capable of."

The order admitted of no reply, and it was promptly executed.

CHAPTER XVI.

ABRIDGMENT OF THE HISTORY OF BOHEMOND INTERMINGLED WITH OCCASIONAL EPISODES.

WHEN Bohemond reëntered the camp, he found it in a great state of excitement, although the sun had not yet arisen. The cause of the tumult was due to the presence of a monk, who was addressing the chiefs and the soldiers in a most moving discourse.

"God wills it," said he ; "Christians, cease your fratricidal contests ! If you love to wage war, fight with the armed enemies of the Christian faith, and no longer waste each other's blood, ye who worship the same God, and the same Lord Jesus !"

"The princes and nobles of the earth have unfurled their banners, and throughout Europe the men of arms have assembled, and have chosen the banner of the cross.

"Behold the dark prows of yonder barks, cleaving the foaming waves ! They glide onward to the distant horizon, and bear my blessing with them ; they go to wreak the vengeance of God upon the soil of Mahomet ! Christians, God wills it !—onward to Jerusalem !"

The multitude, with one voice, echoed the appeal—"God wills it !—onward to Jerusalem !"

"Ha ! ha !" said Bohemond to himself, "truly an unfortunate adventure for the inauguration of my sovereignty. To Jerusalem ! They have no idea that for me Jerusalem is certain death. I do not covet the honor of placing my bones in a tomb alongside the sepulchre of their Christ. I go not to Jerusalem !"

Monk!" he exclaimed, loudly, "it is evident that a zeal for God consumes thee, and it is thy excuse. But how may my warriors abandon a kingdom scarcely organized and surrounded with enemies, in order to heedlessly rush to the ends of the world?"

The men of arms greeted this speech with a low murmur.

"Oh, Bohemond!" replied the hermit, "demand that of thy faith, and remember that it is written, If the Lord build not thy house, it is in vain for the workmen to labor; and if the Lord doth not guard the city, it is in vain for the sentinel to keep his watch. Entreat the Lord to protect thee! God, who has created the house of Guiscard, will preserve the fortresses of Bohemond!"

"God knows," rejoined Bohemond, "that I entertained a desire, even before thy coming, to aid in the conquest of the Holy City. But the heads of the people should ever be the most cautious of men, and I do but await the fitting time. When this time approaches, my warriors and myself will then haste to Palestine, and place at the service of the Crusaders two swords already illustrious, my own and that of my renowned cousin Tancred."

"No delays! no delays!" shouted the crowd. "To Jerusalem! God wills it!"

Bohemond was convinced that he could not stem the torrent of impulse which bore away his followers. The undisciplined adventurers who had rendered the son of Guiscard as invincible as the father, would have abandoned him if he had refused to march with them.

"To Jerusalem, then, be it!" cried he, elevating his sword. "If we part with the kingdom of Italy, we will substitute one tenfold greater, on the fertile plains of Asia. God wills it, in God we trust! Monk, hand me the cross!"

Bohemond was a handsome young man: his eagle eye and lordly bearing overawed the crowd, and he who reluctantly assented to the crusade, who had only yielded to superior force, seemed at this instant to be the sole instigator of the enterprise. Enthusiastic cries in honor of the young chief filled the camp.

"Some compensation!" said Bohemond. "Behold me the idol of my soldiers! It is not agreeable to march in the direction of Jerusalem; but it must be so: and who knows what will happen? May I not become king of the first city we take from the Mussulmen? A good face on the matter, and trust to fortune!"

The poor Bohemond reasoned on all points, like one of those elected representatives who is forced to change his opinions according to the vote of a majority.

I, reader, would not care to be a representative: would you?

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTINUATION OF THE FOREGOING.

At Constantinople a tolerably severe struggle oc-

curred between the soul of Jacobus and the body of Bohemond.

Alexis Comnenus, who then held the sceptre of the Lower Empire, had had numerous contests with Guiscard and Bohemond, in which each by turns were both conquerors and conquered. The husband of Bohemond's sister had been subjected by Alexis, who had usurped his father's throne, to the cruelest of humiliations; and this was the cause of a feud between the emperor and the Prince of Tarentum, and it was one of those hatreds which blood alone could extinguish. Now the crusaders were obliged to pass through the provinces of Byzantium, and to take an oath of fealty to the Greek sovereign. The body of Bohemond positively rebelled, and its lips refused to allow the passage of the mortifying words of the oath. But this noble body was unfortunate enough to be tenanted by the soul of a philosopher!

When moralists attempt classifications like naturalists, there is no doubt that they will place the souls of philosophers in a genus equivalent to that of reptiles. The soul of Jacobus, finding that the oath was useful in this contingency, imperiously ordered the body to utter it; but one might observe that the body grew alternately pale and red, and that it trembled, and that it made a most frightful grimace.

Alexis, who was very indignant, showed similar feelings also; and in a no less impressive and extraordinary manner.

None of us will probably ever witness a similar sight, because bodies, having become so thoroughly accustomed to such services, make no more account of them than the souls do that prompt them; so that oaths now are, and will be hereafter, taken without the slightest physical wincing.

Bohemond took but little part in the siege of Nice, or in the different engagements which signalized the efforts of the crusaders previous to the capture of Antioch. He rested upon the laurels of his fame, and somewhat on the exploits of Tancred and the adventurers of whom he was the most popular chieftain. He managed matters so adroitly as not to compromise his reputation, and he was always named as amongst the most valiant of the collected forces. The capture of Antioch stands indisputably as the most remarkable achievement of the first crusade. It is from the relations of the chroniclers of this memorable siege that the poet of Sorrento has drawn the details of his poem, applying them to the city of Jerusalem itself. But I have no thought of entering upon a translation of the epic of Tasso—I will not attempt to tell you how many heroes were split in halves with a single sword-blow, how such a one was pierced with an arrow in spite of a buckler; how a third was strangled in the herculean arms of an African giant:—I have too great a respect for the divine Torquato to expose him to perusal in my defective prose.

Bohemond, on the day in which the Christian army was encamped under the walls of the city, said to himself, with marvellous sagacity, that the principality of Antioch suited his purposes admirably, and that it was advisable to be more active than any of his associates in assaulting the place, in order to obtain command of it.

It was not possible to surpass a crowd of heroes like this in valor, to whom strength, skill, boldness and courage were equally and wonderfully apportioned. Craft alone offered an opening for success.

It will not be forgotten that the book of Solomon contained a prescription by the means of which a person could render himself invisible. It was very convenient; and I imagine that there are few men, and certainly few women of the present day, who would not be delighted to know where to find this prescription. Unfortunately, there is no doubt that this prescription is lost, and that it will never be discovered again until this stupid, civilized world in which we live, shall have made way for the paradise of a social phalanstery or the delights of Icarus.

Jacobus, by means of the cabalistic formula, rendered the body he had robbed Bohemond of invisible to all eyes, and he introduced himself into Antioch in company with a party conveying provisions. Two men stood together, talking in a low voice.

"Calm thy rage, Zerrab. If the command which Akhy-Syan has bestowed on thee be not so brilliant, or of such a grade as thou wouldst desire, and as thy sacrifices for the prince and thy merits entitle thee to, remember that it is the first step on the road to honors, and that thou art the last of the eunuchs, and that thou art intrusted with the most important defence, and art exposed to the greatest danger."

"Weak, trembling spirit," replied Zerrab, "I know not why I have attached thee to my fortunes! An ambitious soul knows no compromise: the coveted rank must be enjoyed, or the power destroyed which bends one to its will! Akhy-Syan remembers my origin, and thinks he has performed wonders for me. He does not know what I am, and never will unless he knows me through my vengeance."

"What dost thou propose?"

"All or nothing. I await a favorable opportunity, and if chance presents it to me, I will avail myself of it."

"Behold," said Bohemond, still invisible, "a moral and political lesson, of which I shall profit! Good fortune serves me well, by placing this ambitious malcontent in my way, and the opportunity must not be lost."

Zerrab retired alone into his armorer's shop, or, at least, supposed that he did so. Suddenly, a man stood in front of him, and, before he had time to demand from whence he came, how and why he had penetrated to his dwelling, the unknown had spoken in the following terms:

"If Zerrab desires to secure preferment, and to revenge himself on Akhy-Syan, this is the course that Fortune counsels: Let him open to Bohemond, the most formidable of the Christian knights, the gate of the tower which he guards; and Bohemond, once master of Antioch, will not forget the services of Zerrab."

"But, seigneur, do you speak on the part of Bohemond, or is this an artifice?"

"Weak and trembling spirit! Recall to thyself that which thou didst but just now utter in the street—If chance presents a favorable opportunity, I will avail myself of it."

"How came you to hear that? or rather, how did you find your way into my dwelling? Are you the devil, or the devil's heir? No matter: I do not hesitate. Antioch shall be delivered to Bohemond."

"That affair is soon settled," said Bohemond, on his return to the camp. "The sceptre of Antioch will not have cost much. It is a magnificent city, and an agreeable residence. I shall very soon carry Laodicea, and bear off that infamous Commenus, whom I detest the more since I swore fealty to him. I shall then try to rid myself of Tancred, whose fame galls me, and then I shall make" —

The fact is, he conceived projects without number, the greater part of which were to fail, as is the case with an infinity of projects in this nether sphere.

Conclusion in the next number.

GREAT talents, when directed to improve and adorn society, can never be too highly esteemed, nor too conspicuously distinguished. Men of genius are seldom mercenary: as the characters which characterize them are above all price, so money alone, however necessary to their wants, can never be considered the adequate reward of their exertions. They require and deserve a nobler recompense—the homage of wisdom and virtue—the respect of their own times, and the regard of posterity.

Men of genius are luminous points on the great disc of society, which shine even after the sun of power and prosperity has withdrawn its beams, and rescue the nations they adorn from total darkness in the long eclipse of time. Commerce may make a people rich, and power may render them formidable; in the one case, they excite envy without admiration; in the other, fear without respect. But exploits of intellect only can secure that genuine estimation, that grateful homage of the heart, which it is almost as honorable to pay as to receive. The powers of genius consecrate the claims of greatness, invest wealth with dignity, and add veneration.—*M. A. Shree.*

STRICT punctuality is, perhaps, the cheapest virtue which can give force to an otherwise insignificant character.

Often the only basis of the respectable position of many commercial men who make what is called *gilt-edged paper*.—*Boyes.*

It is useless to wonder why the ignorant do not try to improve themselves by reading. A man must have a certain amount of sense in his head already, to make him desire to put more into it.—*Boyes.*